# The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.



"How long do you suppose a girl can live and not hear scandal of some sort?" said Nina. "It's bound to rain some time or other, but I prepared my little duck's back to shed some things."

"You say," insisted Selwyn, "that Rosamund spoke of me—in that way—to Eileen?"

"Yes. It only made the child angry, Phil, so don't worry."

"No; I won't worry. No, I—I won't. You are quite right, Nina. But the pity of it, that tight, hard shelled woman of the world to do such a thing to a young girl."

"Rosamund is Rosamund," said Nina, with a shrug. "The antidote to her species is obvious."

"Right, thank God!" said Selwyn between his teeth. "Mens sana in corpore sano! Bless her little heart! I'm glad you told me this, Nina."

He rose and laughed a little, a curious sort of laugh, and Nina watched him, perplexed.

"Where are you going, Phil?" she asked.

"I don't know. I—where is Eileen?"

"She's lying down—a headache, probably too much sun and salt water. Shall I send for her?"

"No; I'll go up and inquire how she is. Susanne is there, isn't she?"

And he entered the house and ascended the stairs.

The little Alsatian maid was seated in a corner of the upper hall, sewing, and she informed Selwyn that mademoiselle had "bad in ze head."

But at the sound of conversation in the corridor Eileen's gay voice came to them from her room asking who it was, and she evidently knew, for there was a hint of laughter in her tone.

"It is I. Are you better?" said Selwyn.

"Yes. D-did you wish to see me?"

"Yes."

The pretty greeting she always reserved for him, even if their separation had been for a few minutes only, she now offered, hand extended, a cool, fragrant hand which lay for a second in his, closed, and withdrew, leaving her eyes very friendly.

*Eileen curled up among the cushions.*

"Come out on the west veranda," she said. "I know what you wish to say to me. Besides, I have something to confide to you too. And I'm very impatient to do it."

He followed her to the veranda. She seated herself in the broad swing and moved so that her invitation to him was unmistakable. Then when he had taken the place beside her she turned toward him very frankly, and he looked up to encounter her beautiful direct gaze.

"What is disturbing our friendship?" she asked. "Do you know? I don't. I went to my room after luncheon and lay down on my bed and quietly deliberated. And do you know what conclusion I have reached?"

"What?" he asked.

"That there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship and that what I said to you on the beach was foolish. I don't know why I said it. I'm not the sort of girl who says such stupid things, though I was apparently for that one moment. And what I said about Gladys was childish. I am not jealous of her, Captain Selwyn. Don't think me silly or perverse or sentimental, will you?"

"I wish to ask you something."

"With pleasure," she said. "Go ahead." And she settled back, fearlessly expectant.

"Very well, then," he said, striving to speak coolly. "It is this: Will you marry me, Eileen?"

She turned perfectly white and stared at him, stunned. And he repeated his question, speaking slowly, but unsteadily.

"N-no," she said, "I cannot. Why—why, you know that, don't you?"

"Will you tell me why, Eileen?"

"I—I don't know why. I think—I suppose that it is because I do not love you—that way."

"Yes," he said, "that, of course, is the reason. I wonder—do you suppose that—in time—perhaps—you might care for me—that way?"

"I don't know." She glanced up at him fearfully, fascinated, yet repelled. "I don't know," she repeated pitifully. "Is it—can't you help thinking of me in that way? Can't you be as you were?"

"No, I can no longer help it. I don't want to help it, Eileen."

"But—I wish you to," she said in a low voice. "It is that which is coming between us. Oh, don't you see it is? Don't you feel it—feel what it is doing to us? Don't you understand how it is driving me back into myself? Whom am I to go to if not to you? What am I to do if your affection turns into this—this different attitude toward me? I—I loved you so dearly—so fearlessly."

Tears blinded her. She bent her head, and they fell on the soft, delicate stuff of her gown, flashing downward in the sunlight.

"Dear," he said gently, "nothing is altered between us. I love you in that way too."

"D-do you really?" she stammered, shrinking away from him.

"Truly. Nothing is altered. Nothing of the bond between us is weakened. On the contrary, it is strengthened. You cannot understand that now. But what you are to believe and always understand is that our friendship must endure."

"I want to ask you something," she said, "merely to prove that you are a little bit illogical. May I?"

He nodded, smiling.

"Could you and I care for each other more than we now do if we were married?"

"I think so," he said.

"Why?" she demanded, astonished. Evidently she had expected another answer.

He made no reply, and she lay back among the cushions considering what he had said, the flush of surprise still lingering in her cheeks.

"How can I marry you," she asked, "when I would—would not care to endure a—a caress from any man, even from you? It—such things—would spoil it all. I don't love you that way. Oh, don't look at me that way! Have I hurt you, dear Captain Selwyn? I did not mean to. Oh, what has become of our happiness? What has become of it?" And she turned, full length in the swing, and hid her face in the silken pillows.

He looked down at her, slowly realizing that it was a child he still was dealing with—a child with a child's innocence, repelled by the graver phase of love, unresponsive to the deeper emotions, bewildered by the glimpse of the mature role his attitude had compelled her to accept. That she already had reached that milestone and for a moment had turned involuntarily to look back and find her childhood already behind her frightened her.

Thinking perhaps of his own years and of what lay behind him, he sighed and looked out over the waste of moorland where the Atlantic was battering the sands of Surf point. Then his patient gaze shifted to the east, and he saw the surface of Sky pond, blue as the eyes of the girl who lay crouching in the cushioned corner of the swinging seat, small hands clinched over the handkerchief, a limp bit of stuff damp with her tears.

"There is one thing," he said, "that we mustn't do—cry about it, must we, Eileen?"

"No-o."

He was silent, and presently she said, "I—the reason of it—my crying—is b-b-because I don't wish you to be unhappy."

"But, dear, dear little girl, I am not."

"Really?"

"No, indeed. Why should I be? You do love me, don't you?"

"You know I do."

"But not in that way."

"N-no; not in that way. I w-wish I did."

A thrill passed through him. After a moment he relaxed and leaned forward, his chin resting on his clinched hands. "Then let us go back to the old footing, Eileen."

"Can we?"

"Yes, we can, and we will—back to the old footing when nothing of deeper sentiment disturbed us. You know how it is. A man who is locked up in paradise is never satisfied until he can climb the wall and look over. Now I have climbed and looked, and now I climb back into the garden of your dear friendship, very glad to be there again with you—very, very thankful, dear. Will you welcome me back?"

She lay quite still a minute, then sat up straight, stretching out both hands to him, her beautiful, fearless eyes brilliant as rain washed stars.

"Don't go away," she said. "Don't ever go away from our garden again."

"No, Eileen."

"Is it a promise—Philip?"

Her voice fell exquisitely low.

"Yes, a promise. Do you take me back, Eileen?"

"Yes, I take you. Take me back, too, Philip." Her hands tightened in his; she looked up at him, faltered, waited, then in a fainter voice: "And—and be of g-good courage. I—I am not very old yet."

An hour later, when Nina discovered them there together, Eileen, curled up among the cushions in the swinging seat, was reading aloud "Evidences of Asiatic Influence on the Symbolism of Ancient Yucatan," and Selwyn, astride a chair, chin on his folded arms, was listening with evident rapture.

## Chapter 21

HITHERWOOD HOUSE opened from end to end to the soft sea wind, was crowded with the gayest, noisiest throng that had gathered there in a twelvemonth. The Orchils and the Lawns were there, the Minsters, the Craigs from Wyossett, the Grays of Shadow Lake, the Draymores, Fanes, Mottlys, Cardwells—in fact, it seemed as though all Long Island had been drained from Cedarhurst to Islip and from Oyster Bay to Wyossett to pour a stream of garrulous and animated youth and beauty into the halls and over the verandas and terraces and lawns of Hitherwood House.

It was to be a lantern frolic and a lantern dance and supper, all most formally and impressively informal. And it began with a candle race for a big silver gilt cup and a motor boat race won by Boots and Gerald. Out in the bay lay Neergard's yacht, outlined in electricity from stem to stern, every

*"It is strange," she said.*

spar and funnel and contour of hull and superstructure twinkling in jewelec brilliancy.

On a great improvised open pavilion set up in the Hither woods garlanded and hung thick with multi colored paper lanterns, dancing had already begun, but Selwyn and Eileen lingered on the lawn for awhile, fascinated by the beauty of the fireworks pouring skyward from the Niobrara.

"They seem to be very gay aboard her," murmured the girl. "Once you said that you did not like Mr. Neergard. Do you remember saying it?"

He replied simply, "I don't like him, and I remember saying so."

"It is strange," she said, "that Gerald does."

Selwyn looked at the illuminated yacht. "I wonder whether any of Neergard's crowd is expected ashore here. Do you happen to know?"

She did not know. A moment later, to his annoyance, Edgerton Lawn came up and asked her to dance, and she went, with a smile and a whispered "Wait for me, if you don't mind; I'll come back to you."

At intervals he caught glimpses of Eileen through the gay crush around him. He danced with Nina and suggested to her it was time to leave, but that young matron had tasted just enough to want more, and Eileen, too, was evidently having a most delightful time. So he settled into the harness of pleasure and was good to the pink and white ones, and they told each other what a "dear" he was and adored him more inconveniently than ever.

Truly enough, as he had often said, these younger ones were the charmingly wholesome and refreshing antidote to the occasional misbehavior of the mature. They were, as he also asserted, the hope and promise of the social fabric of a nation, this younger set.

Supper and then the Woodland cotillon was the programme, and almost all the tables were filled before Selwyn had an opportunity to collect Nina and Austin and capture Eileen from a very rosy cheeked and indignant boy who had quite lost his head and heart and appeared to be on the verge of a headlong declaration.

"It's only Percy Draymore's kid brother," she explained, passing her arm through his with a little sigh of satisfaction. "Oh, here come Nina and Austin. How pretty the tables look all lighted up among the trees! And such an uproar!" as they came into the jolly tumult and passed in among a labyrinth of tables, greeted laughingly from every side.

Under a vigorous young oak tree thickly festooned with lanterns Austin found an unoccupied table. There were a great deal of racket and laughter from the groups surrounding them, but this seemed to be the only available spot; besides, Austin was hungry, and he said so.

Nina, with Selwyn on her left, looked around for Gerald and Lansing. When the latter came sauntering up Austin questioned him, but he replied carelessly that Gerald had gone to join some people whom he, Lansing, did not know very well.

"Why, there he is now!" exclaimed Eileen, catching sight of her brother seated among a very noisy group on the outer edge of the illuminated zone. "Who are those people, Nina? Oh, Rosamund Fane is there, too; and—and"—

She ceased speaking so abruptly that Selwyn turned around, and Nina bit her lip in vexation and glanced at her husband, for among the overanimated and almost boisterous group which was attracting the attention of everybody in the vicinity sat Mrs. Jack Ruthven. And Selwyn saw her.

For a moment he looked at her—looked at Gerald beside her, and Neergard on the other side, and Rosamund opposite, and at the others whom he had never before seen. Then quietly, but with heightened color, he turned his attention to the glass which the servant had just filled for him and, resting his hand on the stem, stared at the bubbles crowding upward through it to the foamy brim.

(To be Continued.)

Bulzer—Pennster told me that the best magazines were clamoring for his contributions.

Knolorham—No wonder; he writes full-page ads.—Lippincott's.

Queen Gertrude—Isn't it terrible! Ophelia raving out here and Hamlet soliloquizing all over the place. What a trial!

King Claudius—Yes, but thank heaven! there won't be any expert testimony in it, or any unwritten law.—Puck.

## Suggestive Questions on the Sunday School Lesson

BY REV. DR. LINSCOTT.

For the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

May 2, 1909.

Paul's First Missionary Journey,—Cyprus. Acts 13:2-12.

Golden Text—Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark 16:15.

Verse 1—Where was Antioch?

What constituted a Christian church, then, and now?

What was the difference between prophets and teachers?

Verse 2—What is meant by "ministered to the Lord?"

What mental, physical or spiritual benefits, are there derived from fasting?

How long should a person abstain from food, in order to constitute a Christian fast?

What right has the present day Protestant church to discontinue the practice of fasting?

When would the ears of a company of godly men, be most sensitive to the voice of God, during a feast, or a fast?

Was there any connection between their ministering and fasting, and the Holy Spirit speaking to them?

Is the Holy Spirit apt to speak to those who are not intensely engaged in the cause of God?

What is necessary in order to cultivate an ear for the voice of God?

Should we all be "called" of God before undertaking any kind of work?

Verse 3—Ought the church to-day to send out missionaries to new districts, and to heathen countries?

If it is the duty of the church to send out missionaries, is it, or not, the duty of every person, whether a member of the church or not, to help support them? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Why did they fast and pray, before sending Paul and Barnabas on their mission?

Would it be a help to each local church to-day, to fast and pray before each missionary meeting?

Do you think the women took part in this service, and whether or not, what reason is there to debar women from any of the church's work?

Verse 4—Is it possible or practical to be guided in every journey we take, and in all else by the Holy Spirit?

Should a pastor ever take charge of a new church, without being directed to do so, by the Holy Spirit?

Please point out on the map, in your Bible, where Seleucia, Salamis and Cyprus are situated.

Were they consciously, or unconsciously, directed by God the Holy Spirit, all along their journey?

Verse 5—Should men and women, in the ordinary walks of life, be as faithful in preaching the gospel, or testifying for Jesus, whatever they may be, as Paul and Barnabas were?

Verse 6—How many places mentioned in this lesson, are situated on the Island of Cyprus? (See your map.)

What motives had likely induced this man Elymas, to claim to be a prophet?

Verses 7-8—How do you account for a man being so bad, as to try to prevent another man from serving the true God?

Verses 9-12—Are good men justified in rebuking bad men with vehemence, when they would stop a work of love and mercy?

Is it possible for a bad man to escape the just penalty of his sins?

Lesson for Sunday, May 9th, 1909.—Paul's First Missionary Journey,—Antioch in Pisidia. Acts xiii:13-52.



### Memoir.

Ellen C. Willetts, daughter of Joseph and Hannah Chambers, was born at Pemberton, Burlington county, N. J., Nov. 3, 1834; died at her home in Greenfield, O., April 17, 1909, aged 74 years, 2 months and 14 days. She was the oldest of six children. Two sisters are still living in the East. At the age of 18 she left her eastern home and came to Hillsboro, at which place she was united in marriage to Mark Reed Willitts Aug. 9, 1854. To this union seven children were born, five dying in infancy. The other two, Lida Willetts and Minnie Willetts Strider, grew to womanhood, then left the old home at Hillsboro and made a new home at Greenfield in 1891 and in 1895 the parents went to live with them. Both of the daughters and the son-in-law have been taken away, and as each went they left their responsibilities with the mother. Her greatest care has been the grandson, Mark Strider, and well she has filled the mother's place. Out of this family of father, mother, seven children, son-in-law and grandson, only the aged father and little grandson are left.

Mrs. Willetts joined the Methodist church at the age of twelve in her eastern home and in her life in Hillsboro she was a great church worker. She was a life long friend to Mrs. Eliza Jane Thompson, better known as Mother Thompson, and they worked together for the great temperance cause in the Murphy movement in 1874. After she went to Greenfield she entered the church and was active in every department of church work; and until the last two years she was seldom absent from the regular services. She enjoyed a deeply religious experience and rejoiced to tell this experience to others, and an hour spent with her was one of great uplift in spiritual things.

She was an active member of the Home and Foreign missionary societies and was president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She took great interest in these societies and gave as much time and thought to them as her strength permitted.

After going to Greenfield Mr. and Mrs. Willetts widened their circle of friends rapidly until they were numbered by hundreds. Many social functions connected with the church were held at their home and on their lawn. In Aug., 1904, they celebrated their Golden Wedding.

It was a time long to be remembered, as the whole community took part.

To the host of friends who mourn with the aged husband and little grandson comes the comforting message of the poet as he truly says:

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

O happy, happy soul!
In ecstacies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Savior's face.

Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?



"It is really a pleasure, ma'am, to observe how readily your little boy runs your errands!"

"Oh, he's the boy that lives next door. I get him to do my errands because my own little boy won't."

"Ah! What is your boy doing now?"

"There he is, rushing on an errand for the lady next door!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist.

Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam.

Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?—Boston Transcript.



### Legal Notice.

Cecil S. Vivian, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that Lena Vivian, his wife, did on the 26th day of March, 1909, file her petition in the Common Pleas Court of Highland county, Ohio, against the said Cecil S. Vivian, being cause No. 9261 in the docket of said court, praying for divorce from the said Cecil S. Vivian on the ground of gross neglect of duty and for the custody of their minor child and for restoration to her maiden name of Lena Neal.

Said Cecil S. Vivian will be required to answer said petition not later than six weeks from April 1, 1909, the date of the first publication of this notice, or the prayer of said petition may be granted.

LENA VIVIAN, Plaintiff.
James Wilkins, Attorney.

### Executor's Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of the authority conferred by the last will and testament of Joseph Bell, deceased, I will offer for sale at public auction on

**Thursday, the 20th Day of May, '09,**

at 10 o'clock a. m. on the premises about 3 miles south-east of Marshall, O., the following real estate situate in Brushcreek township, Highland county and State of Ohio, and described as follows:

First Tract—Beginning at a stone, formerly three white oaks, now gone, at N. E. corner to John Graham's survey No. 2842; thence north 20½ poles to a stone in the line of Nelson Hiser land (now F. H. G. Bell's land;) thence west 83 poles to a stone in George Bell's line (now J. G. Bell's;) thence with his line south 27 degs., east 36 poles to a black walnut and stone; thence south 5 degs., west 76 poles to a stone, corner of the old school house lot; thence west 37½ poles to a stone and white oak in J. G. Bell's line and corner to Thomas Cummings; thence with his line south 83¼ poles to a stone and black oak, another corner to said Cummings and in the original line of John Graham's survey No. 2842; thence with said line east 96 poles to the beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less.

Second Tract—Beginning at a stone, three white oaks gone, north-west corner of John Graham's survey and south-west corner to Joshua Bennett's survey; thence north ninety-four poles to two white oaks and a stone, corner to Nelson Hiser (now F. H. G. Bell;) thence with his line east one hundred and fifty poles to a stone, corner to Isaac Rhoads; thence south 45 degs., west 161 poles to an elm in Graham's line; thence with his line north 60 degs., west 46 poles to the place of beginning, containing sixty-five acres, more or less.

Third Tract—Beginning at a black oak and elm south-west corner of survey No. 11035; thence south 105 poles to a maple in the line of Winlocks survey No. 2906, corner of Deadman's survey No. 1514; thence east 81 poles to three chestnuts; thence north 26 poles to two hickories and a chestnut oak; thence north 78 degs., east 76 poles to a white oak and gum; thence south 79 degs., east 114 poles to a white oak and stone; thence north 30 degs., east 10 poles to a stone, corner to Bennett; thence north 71 degs., west 260 poles to a black oak and two dogwoods; thence north 85 degs., west 26 poles to the beginning, containing seventy-five acres, more or less.

Said premises have been appraised as follows:
First Tract—$4,000.
Second Tract—$812.50.
Third Tract—$375.00.

Terms of Sale—One-third cash in hand, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from day of sale, with interest. Deferred payments to be secured by mortgage upon premises sold.

J. G. BELL,
Executor of Joseph Bell, deceased.

Consul General Richard Guenther reports that to encourage gardening among the working classes the city authorities of Frankfort leased at a very low rent small tracts of land belonging to the city.

"Why did you revolt against the government?"

The Cuban shrugged his shoulders. "What would you do?" he replied. "There was no cockfight for the day."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is figured that a successful physician must have a clientele of 150 families, or about 750 persons.